# ¶ A new and Pleasaunt enterlude intituled the mariage of Witte and Science.

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1570.

# The players names.

*Nature* *Science*, *Shame*,
*Witte*. *Reason*, *Fdelnes*,
*Will*, *Experience*, *Fgnoraunce*
*Studie*, *Recreation*, *Tediousnes*.
*Diligence*, *with thre o-*
*ther women*
*Fnstruction*, *singers*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# Nature, witte and will.

GRaunde Lady mother of euery moztall thynge:
Nurſe of the wozlde conſeruatyue of kynd
Cauſe of encreaſe, of lyfe and ſoule the ſpzing.
At whoſe inſtincte, the noble Heauen doth winde,
To whoſe award all Creatures are aſſynde,
I come in place, to treate with this my ſonne,
Foz his auayle howe he the path may fynde,
Wherby his Race in honour he may runne:
Come tender Childe, vnrype and greene foz age,
In whom the paret ſettes her chiefe delite,
Witte is thy name, but farre from wiſdome ſage,
Tyll tracte of tyme ſhall wozke and frame aryght,
This pereleſſe bzayne, not yet in perfect plyght:
But when it ſhalbe wzought me thinkes I ſee
As in a glaſſe befoze hand with my ſyghte
A certaine perfect peece of wozke in the,
And now ſo farre as I geſſe by ſignes
Some great attempte is fyred in thy bzeſt:
Speake on my ſonne wherto thy harte inclynes
And let me deale to ſet thy hart at reſt,
He ſaues the foze that knowes the pacient beſt
As I doe thee my ſonne my chiefeſt care,
In whom my ſpeciall pzayſe and ioye doth reſt,
To me therfoze theſe thoughtes of thyne declare

VVitte.

Nature, my ſoueraygne Quene and paret paſſyng dere
Whoſe fozce I am infozſt to know and knowledge euery where,
This care of myne though it be bzead within my bzeſte,
Yet it is not ſo rype: as yet to bzede me great vnreſt,
So runne I to and fro, with hap ſuche as I fynde,
Now faſt, now loſe, now hot, now cold, vncõſtant as that wind,
I feele my ſelfe in loue yet not inflamed ſo,
But cauſes moue me now and then, to let ſuche fancies go,
Whiche cauſes pzeuailyng ſettes eche thing els in doubte
Much like the nayle that laſt came in, & dzyues the fozmer out.

Wherfore my suite is thys, that it wouldc please your grace,
To settle this vnsetled head in some assured place:
To leade me through the thyck, to guyde me al the waye,
To poynt me where I maye atcheue my most desyred prayse,
For nowe agayne of late I kyndle in desire
And pleasure pricketh fourth my youth to feele a greater fyre,
What though I be to young to shewe her sport in bed,
Yet are there many in thys lande that at my yeares doe wedde,
And though I wed not yet, yet am I olde inowe
To serue my Lady to my power and to begynne to woe.

Nature.

What is that Ladyes sonne which thus thy hart doth moue

VVitte.

A Ladye whom it myght be seeme hygh Ioue hym self to loue.

Nature

Who taught the her to loue, or hast thou seene her face.

VVitte.

Nor this nor that, but I hard menne talke of her apace.

Nature.

What is her name?

VVitte.

Reason is her sire, Experience her dame,
The Ladye nowe is in her flowers and Science is her name
Loe where she dwelles, lo where my harte is all possest,
Loe where my bodie would abyde, lo where my soule doth rest.
Her haue I borne good wyll, these manye yeares tofore,
But nowe she lodgeth in my thought a hundred partes the more,
And since I doe perswade my self that thys is she
Which ought aboue all earthly wyghtes to be most deare to me
And since I wote not howe to compasse my desyre,
And since for shame I can not now nor mynd not to retyre,
Helpe on I you beseech and bring thys thyng about
Wythout youre harte to my greate ease, and set all out of doubte.

Nature.

Thou askest more, then is in me to gyue,
More then thy cause, more then thy state will beare
They are two things to able thee to liue,
And to liue so, that none should be thy peare,
The first fromme, procedeth euerye where,

Ruf

But this by toyle and practise of the mind,
Is set full farre god wot and bought full deare,
By those that seeke the fruite therof to finde,
To match thee then with Science in degree,
To knit that knot, that few may reach vnto
I tel the playne, it lyethe not in mée,
Why should I challenge that I cannot doe
But thou must take another way to woe,
And beate thy brayne and bende thy Curiouse head,
Both ryde and runne and trauayle to and froe
If thou entend that famous Dame to wed.

VVitte.

You name your selfe the Lady of this world.

Nature.

It is true.

VVitte.

And can there be within this world, a thing so hard for you.

Nature.

My power it is not absolute in Jurisdiction
For I cognise an other Lord aboue
That hath receaued vnto his disposition
The soule of man which he of speciall loue
To gyfts of grace and learning eke doth moue.
A worke so farre beyonde my reach and call,
That in to part of prayse with him my selfe to show
Myght sone procure my well deserued falle.
He makes the frame and receiue it soe,
No totte therin altered for my head,
And as I streciue I let it goe,
Causyng therin suche sparkles to be bredde
As he commyttes to me by whom I must be ledde
Who guidesme first and in me guides the rest,
All which in their due course and kind are spedde
Of giftes from me such as may serue them best,
To thee sonne witte he wild me to inspire
The loue of knowledge and certayne seedes deuine
Which ground might be a meane to bring thee hiere,
If therunto thy self thou wilt encline
The massy golde, the connyng hand makes fyne:

Good groundes are tilde, as well as are the worſte
The rankeſt flower will aſke a ſpringyng tyme,
So is mans wit vnperfit at the firſt.

VVitte.

Yf connyng be the key and well of worldly blyſſe
Wy thinkeſth god might at ỹ firſt as well endue al with this.

Nature.

As connyng is the kay of blyſſe, ſo it is wooꝛthy prayſe
The wozthieſt thigs ar wonne wꝺ pain in tract of time alwaies,

VVitte.

And yet right wozthy things ther are, you wil cõfeſſe I trow,
Which notwithſtanding at our birth god doth on vs beſtow.

Nature.

There are but ſuch as vnto you that haue the great to name,
I rather that beſtow then wynne therby ymmoꝛtal fame,

VVitte.

Fayne would I learne what harme oꝛ detriment enſued,
Yf any man were at his byrth with theſe gwd gyftes endued.

Nature.

There ſhould be nothing lefte, wherin men might excell,
No blame foꝛ ſinne, no prayſe to thē that had deſyned wel:
Vertue ſhould loſe her prize, and learning would abounde
And as man wold admire the thing that echewher might be foũd,
The great eſtate that haue of me and foꝛtune what they wil
Shold haue no nede to loke to thoſe, whoſe heads are fraght wꝺ ſkil
The meaner ſoꝛte that nowe excells in vertues of the minde,
Should not be once accepted there wher now they ſuccoꝛ find
Foꝛ gret men ſhould be ſpedde of al ẽ wold haue nede of none
And he that were not boꝛne to land ſhould lacke to liue vpon
Theſe and fiue thouſand cauſes moe which I foꝛbeare to tel,
The noble vertue of the mind haue cauſed there to dwell
Where none may haue acceſſe, but ſuch as can get in
Thꝛough many doble doꝛes, thꝛough heat, thꝛough cold, thꝛough (thick and thinne.

VVitte.

Suppoſe I would addꝛeſſe my ſelfe to ſeke her out
And to refuſe no paine that lieth there about
Should I be ſuer to ſpede?

Nature.

Truſt me and haue no doubte,

Thou canst not Chuse but spede with trauell and with tyme
These two are they that must dyrect thee how to clime

VVill.

With trauel and with time, must they neds ioyne in one?

Nature.

Nor that nor this can do the good, if they be toke alone.

VVitt.

Time worketh all with ease, and gyues the greatest dynt
In tyme softe water dropes can hollowe hardest flynt
Agayne. with labor by it selfe, great matters compasse bé
Euen at a gyrde in very lyttel time or none wee sée
Wherfore in my conceyte good reason it is
Eyther this with out that to loke, or that with out this.

Nature.

Set case thou dyddest attempte to clyme Pernasus hill
Take tyme fiue hundreth thousand yers & lõger if thou will
Trowest thou to touch the top there of by standyng still
Againe, worke out thy harte and spend thy selfe with toyle
Take tyme with all or elles I dare assure the of the foyle

VVitte.

Madame, I trust I haue your licence and your leaue
With your good wil & so much helpe as you to me can gyue
Wyth further ayde also, when you shal spye your tyme,
To make a proffe to giue attempt this famouse hil to clime
And now I here request your blessyng and your prayer
For sure before I slepe I will to yonder forte repaire

Nature.

I blesse thee here with al such gifts as nature can bestow
And for thy sake I would they were as many hundred moe
Take therwith all this childe, to wayte vpon the stil.
A byrde of myne some kinne to thee, his name is Wyll.

VVitte.

Wellcome to me my will, what seruice canst thou doe,

VVill.

All thinges forsooth, sir when me liste and more to.

VVitte.

But when wilt thou list, when I shall list I trowe

VVill.

Trust not to that, paraduenture yea, paraduenture noe,

VVitte.

When I haue nede of thee thou wilt not serue me soe,

VVill.

If yé byd me runne, perhappes I will goe:

VVitte.

Cock soule this is a boye for the nonse amongest twentie moe,

VVill.

I am plaine I tell you at a worde and a bloe,

VVitte.

Then must I pricke you childe if you be drowned in slouth

Nature.

Agrée you twayne for I must leaue you both,
Farewel my sonne: farewel myne owne good Will,
Be ruled by Witte, and be obedient still,
Forze the I cannot but as farre as lies in me,
I wil helpe thy master to make a good seruant of thée
Farrewell. Exit

VVitte.

Adue Lady mother with thankes for al your peine
And now let me bethincke my self againe eke again
To matche with Science is the thinge that I haue toke in hande,
A matter of moze weight I sée, then I did vnderstande
Will must be wonne to this, or els it wil be hard
Will must goe breake the matter first, or els my gaine is marde,
Sir boye are you content to take such parte for me
As god shall sende, and helpe it forth as much as lyes in thee.

VVill.

Ye a Paytter by his wounds or els cut of his head.

VVitte.

Come then let vs two deuise what trace were best to tredde,
Nature is on my syde and Will my boye is fast,
There is no doubt I shall obtayne my loyes at last.

Exent

Act 2. sena. 1.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

VVhat Will I say Will boye come againe foliche elfe

VVill

VVill.

I crye you mercy sir you are a tall man your selfe.

VVitte.

Such a cokbzaine as thou art I neuer saw ỹ like yett

VVill.

Truth in respect of you that are nothing els but Witt.

VVitte.

Cãst thou tel me thy errãd because thou art gone so sone,

VVill.

Can I remember a longe tale of a man in the moone,
With such a circumstaunce and such flym flam
I wyll tell at a wozde whose seruante I am
Wherfoze I come and what I haue to saye,
And cal foz her aunswere, befoze I come awaye
What should I make a bzode træ, of euery litell shzubbe,
And kepe her agreat whyle with a tale of a tubbe.

VVitte.

Yet thou must commend me to be rich, lusty pleasaunt and wyse.

VVill.

I can not commend you, but I must make twentie lies
Rich quoth you, that appeareth by the pozt that you kepe,
Euen as rich as a newe shozne sheepe
Of pleasaunt conceiptes, ten bushells to the pecke,
Lusty like a herringe, with a bell about his necke,
Wyse as a woodcocke: as bzage as a bodylouse,
A man of your handes, to matche wyth a mouse:
How say you, are not these pzoper qualities to pzayse you with.

VVitte.

Leaue these mad toyes of thyne and come to the pythe
One part of the errande should haue bene,
To giue her this picture of mine to be seene,
And to requeste her the same to accepte
Safely vntill my commynge to be kepte,
Wbich I suspende till thy returne and then
If it like her Ladyshippe to appoint me where and when.
I will waite vpon her gladly out of hande.

VVill.

Sir let me alone your mynde I vnderstand,
I will handle the matter so that you shall owe me thankes,

But what if she kinde fault with these spindle shankes
Or els with these blacke spottes on your nose.

VVitte.

In fayth sir boye this talke deserueth blowes.

VVill.

You will not misuse your best seruant I suppose
For by his nayles, and by his fingers toe:
I will marre your mariage if you do clitter.

VVitte.

I praye the goe thy wayes and leaue this clatter.

VVill.

First shal I be so bold to breake to you a matter.

VVitte.

Tushe thou art disposed to spende woordes in waste,
And yet thou knowest this busines asketh haste.

VVill.

But euen two woordes, and then I am gon.

VVitte.

If it be woorth the hearing, say on.

VVill.

I would not haue you thinke that I for my part
From my promise or frō your seruice will depart,
But yet now and then it goeth to my hart,
When I thinke how this mariage maye be to my (smart

VVitte.

Why so:

VVill.

I would tell you the cause if I durst for shame.

VVitte.

Speke hardely what thou wilt without any blame.

VVill.

I am not disposed as yet to be tame,
And therfore I am loth to be vnder a Dame,
Now you are a Bachiler a man may sone win you
We thinke there is some good felowshippe in you,
We may laugh and be merry at bord and at bedde,
You are not so testy as those that be wedde,
Wyld in behauior and loth to fall out,
You may runne, you may ryde & roue roūd about,

With wealth at your will and all thinge at ease,
Fré franke and lusty, eyse to please,
But when you be clogged and tyed by the toe,
So faste that you shal not haue power to let goe,
You will tell me another lesson sone after
And cry peccaui tw except your lucke be the better:
Then farewel goodfellowshyp then come at a call
Then waite at an inche you idle knaues all,
Then sparyng and pynchinge and nothing of gift,
No talke with our maister, but al for his thrift,
Solemne and sower and angry as a waspe,
Althinges must be kept vnder locke and haspe,
At that which will make me to fare ful ill.
All your care shalbe to hamper poore wyll.

VVitte.

I warrant the for that take thou no thought,
Thou shalt be made of, whosoeuer be set at nought
As dere to me, as myne owne dere brother,
Whosoeuer be one, thou shalt be an other.

VVill

Yea but your wyfe wyl play the shrew, perdy it is she that I feare

VVitte.

Thy message wyll cause her some fauor to beare,
For my sake and thy sake and for her owne likewyse
If thou vse thy selfe discretly in this enterprise.

VVill.

She hath a father, a testy sower old man,
I doubt lest he and I, shall fall out nowe and than,

VVitte.

Gyue hym fayre words, forbeare him for his age,
Thou must consider hym to be auncient and sage,
Shew thy selfe officious and seruisable stil,
And then shall Reason make very muche of Will.

VVill.

If your wyfe be euer complayning, how then?

VVitte.

My wyfe wyll haue nothing to doe wyth my men.

VVill.

If she doe, beleue her not in any wyse.

And when you once perceyue her stomacke to aryse,
Then cut her short at the first and you shall see
A meruayllouse vertue in that medisen to bée,
Giue her not the bridle for a yeare or twayne
And you shal sée her bridle it without a reine,
Breake her betymes and bring her vnder by force
Or elles the graye Mare, will be the better horse.

VVitte.

If thou haue done bègone, and spende no time in vayne.

VVill.

Where shal I fynde you, when I come againe?

VVitte.

At home.

VVill.

God enough take your ease let me alone with this
Surely a treasure of all treasures it is,
To serue such a mayster, as I hope him to bee,
And to haue such a seruant as he hath of mee,
For I am quicke, nimbell, proper and nise,
He is ful good, gentle, sober and wyse,
He is full loth to chide or to checke,
And I am as willinge to serue at a becke,
He orders me well and speakes me so fayre
That for his sake no trauayle I must spare,
But now am I come to the gate of this Ladye,
I wyll pause awhyle to frame myne errante kynelye
And loe wher she commeth yet will I not come nye her,
But amonge these fellowes wyl I stande to eye her.

Act. 2. sena 2.

Reason, Experience, Science and VVill.

Science.

My Parentes ye knowe, howe many fall in lappes
That do ascribe to me the cause of their mishappes:
Howe many séeke that come to short of their desyre:
Howe many do attempt that dayly do retire:
Howe many roue about the marke on euery syde:
How many thinke to hit when they are much to wyde:
Howe many runne so farre how many light so lowe:
Howe fewe to good effecte, their trauayle do bestowe,

And

And howe all these impute their losses vnto mee.
Should I haue ioye to thinke of mariage nowe trowe yée
What doth the worlde my loue alone say they
Is bought so dere that life and goodes for it must paye
Stronge youth must spende it selfe, and yet when al is done,
We here of fewe or none that haue this Lady wonne.
On me they make outcryes and charge me with the bloud
Of those that for my sake aduenture life and good
This griefe doth wound my hart so, ỳ suters more as yet
I se no cause nor reason why I shold admyt.

Reason.

Ah daughter say not so there is great cause and skill,
For which you shold mislike to liue vnmarted thus alone
What comfort can you haue remayning thus vnknowne
How shal the common wealth by you aduaunced be
If you abide enclosed here where no man may you sée
It is not for your state, your selfe to take the payne
All straungers that resort to you to entertayne
To suffer frée accesse of all that come and goe
To be at eche mannes cal to trauayle two and fro,
What the, synce god hath plast such treasure in your brest
Wherwith so many thousand thinke by you to be refresht
Néedes must you haue some one of hyd and secret trust
By whom these things may be, well ordered and discusse:
To him you must disclose the depth of all your thought
By him as time shall serue all matters must be wrought
To hym aboue you must content your selfe to be at call
Ye must be his, he must be yours, he must be all in all.

Experience.

My Lord your father telles you truth perdie
And that in time your selfe shall fynde and trye.

Science.

I could aledge more then as yet I haue sayde,
But I must yelde, and you muste be obayed
Fall oute as it will there is no helpe I sée,
Some one or other in time must mary mée.

VVill.

In time nay out of hand, Madame if it please you,
In fayth I knowe a yonker that will ease you,

A lyuelye younge gentilman, as freſhe as any flowꝛer,
That wyll not ſticke to marye you within this bowꝛer.

Science.

Such haſte myght hapelye turne to waſt to ſum,
But I pꝛay thee my pꝛetye boye whence art thou come.

VVill.

If it pleace youre good Ladyſhype to accepte me ſoo,
I haue a ſolemne meſſage to tel oꝛ I goe,
Not anye thynge in ſecrete your honour to ſtayne,
But in the pꝛeſence and hearinge of you twayne.

Realon.

Speake.

VVill.

The Lady of this woꝛld which Lady Nature hyght,
Hath one a peereles ſonne in whom ſhe taketh delyght,
On hym ſhe chargeth men to be antendant ſtyll,
Both kynde to her, hys name is Wittte, my name is Will,
The noble chyld doth feele the foꝛce of cuppdes flame
And ſendeth now foꝛ eaſe by counſel of hys dame,
Hys mother taught hym fyꝛſt to loue whyle he was younge
Which loue wᵭ age encreaſeth ſoꝛe and wareth wondꝛous ſtronge
Foꝛ verye fame diſplayes youre bountye moꝛe and moꝛe,
And at thys pyntch he burneth ſo as neuer heretoſoꝛe
Not fantaſes foꝛce, not vayne and Idle toyes of loue,
Not hope of that whych commenlye doth other ſuitters moue,
But fiꝛed faſt good wyll that neuer ſhall relent,
And vertues foꝛce ẏ-ſhines in you bade him geue this attempte.
He hath no neade of wealth, he wooes not foꝛ youre good,
Hys kynred is ſuch he nede not to ſeke to match with noble bloud,
Such ſtoꝛe of kyndes that where he leſt he may commaunde,
And none ſo hardy to pꝛeſume hys pleaſure to withſtand,
Youre ſelf it is, your vertue and youre grace,
Youre noble giftes youre endles pꝛayes in euery place,
You alone I ſaye the marke that he would hit,
The hoped ioye the deareſt pꝛay that can befale to witte,

Experience.

I haue not harde a meyſſage moꝛe krymlee done,

Scince.

Noꝛ I, what age art thou of my good ſonne,

Betwene,

VVill.

Betwene eleuen and xii, Madame moze oz lesse.

Reason.

He hath bene instructed this errand as I gesse.

Science,

How old is the gentilman thy maister canst thou telle?

VVill.

Seuentene oz there aboute I wote not verye well.

Science.

What stature of what making what kynde of poyt beares he

VVill.

Such as youre Ladyshipe can not myslike truly me.
Well growen, wel made, a stripling clean and taule,
Wel fauozed, somwhat black and manlye therewithal,
And that you may conceaue hys personage the better,
To heare of hym the nearye shape and liuely picture,
Thys hath he sente to you to viewe and to behoulde,
I dare auouch no Joynt therin no Jote to be controulde,

Science.

In good fayth I thancke thy mayster with my hart,
I perceyue that nature in him, hath done her part.

VVill.

Farther, if it please your honour to knowe:
My master would be glad to runne ryde oz goe,
At your commaundment to any place farre oz neere,
To haue but a sight of your Ladyshippe there,
I beseech you appoint him the place and the howr,
You shal se how redyly to you he will scoure.

Reason.

Do soe.

Experience.

Ye in any wise daugher, foz heere you mee,
He semeth a right wozthy and trymme younge man to bee.

Seience.

Commend me then to Willie, and let him vnderstande,
That I accept with all my hart this present at his hande,
And that I would be glad, when he doth see his tyme,
To heare and se him face to face, within this house of myne
Then maye he breake his mind and talke with me his fyll,

Til

Tyll then adew both hee and thou myn owne swete little Will.

Exent science, Reason Experience.

Act 2. sena 3.

Ah flattering Queene, how neatly she can talke
How minionly she tryps, how sadlye she can walke
Well wanton yet beware that ye be sound and sure,
Fayre wordes are wont oft times, fayre women to allure,
Nowe must I get me home and make report of this:
To him that thinkes it longe, till my returne I wys.

Act 3 sena 1.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

Sayst thou me so boye, will she haue me in deede

VVill.

Be of good cheere sir I warrant you to spede

VVitte.

Did both her parentes speake wel to her of mee.

VVill.

As hart can thinke go on and you shall see,

VVitte.

How toke she the picture, how lyketh shée my person.

VVill.

She neuer had done tating and toking theron.

VVitte.

And must I come to talke with her my self.

VVill.

When soeuer you please, and as oft as you will.

VVitte.

O my sweat boy, how shall I recompence,
Thy faythfull hart and painfull diligence,
My hope, my stay, my wealth, the kaye of al my ioye.

VVill.

I praye you sir call me your man, and not your boy.

VVitte.

Thou shalt be what thou wilt all in all.

VVill.

Promise me faythfully that if your wyfe brall
Or set her father to checke me out of measure,

You

You will not se me abused to their pleasure

VVitte.

Giue me thy hande take here my fayth and troth,
I wil maintayne thee, how soeuer the woꝛld goeth.

Act 3 sena 1.

VVitte.

What shall we doe? shall we stande lingring here?

VVill.

If you be a man pꝛeasse in, and go neare.

VVitte.

What if there be some other suter there.

VVill.

And if there be, yet nede you not to feare,
Untill I bꝛinge his head to you, vpon a speare.
I will not loke you in the face, noꝛ in your syght appeare.

Reason.

Nay Witte, aduise your selfe and pause a while,
Oꝛ els this hast of yours will you beguile.

Science.

No hast but good, take tyme and learne to fyghte,
Learne to assault, learne to defende a ryght:
Your matche is monstrous to behoulde and full of might,
Whom you must vanquish, not by foꝛce but by slyght:

VVitte.

Madame stande to your pꝛomyse if I wynne I am sped,
Am I not?

Science.

Yea trulye.

VVill.

Good enough, if we fyght not I would we weare dead,
No man shal stay vs, that beeres a head.

Experience.

Young man a woꝛd oꝛ twayne, and then adue.
Your yeares are fewe your pꝛactise grene and newe,
Marke what I saye, and ye shal fynde it true:
You are the fyꝛst that shall this rashnes rue.
Be ruled here, our counsell do therafter,
Lay good ground, your woꝛke shal be the faster:
This hedlong hast, may soner misse then hit,

Take hede both of Wittes wyll, and wilfull wit,
We haue within a gentilman our retayner and our friend,
With seruauntes twayne that do on him attende,
Instruction, Studie, Diligence these three,
At your commaundement in this attempt shalbe,
Here them in stede of vs, and as they shall deuyse,
So hardely cast our cardes in this enterpryse
I will send them to you, and leaue you for now.

VVitte.

The more company the merier, boy what saist thou?

VVill.

It is a good faulte to haue more then enowe,
I care not, so as we may pul the knaues downe,
I would we were at it, I passe not how sone.

VVitte.

If it shal please you to send those three hyther,
We wyll follow your counsell and go together.

VVill.

I warrant her a shrewe whosoeuer be an other,
God make the daughter good, I like not the mother,

Reason.

Yet would not I for no good to haue forgone her.

VVill.

Mary sir in dede she talkes and takes on her:
Lyke a Dame, nay like a Dutches or a quéene:
Wyth such a solemnitie as I haue not seene.

Reason.

She is a quéene I tell thee in her degrée,

VVill.

Let her be what she list, wyth a vengaunce for me:
I will kéepe me out of her reach if I can.

Reason.

If this mariage goe forward, thou must be her man.

VVill.

Mariage or mariage not, be shrewe me than,
I haue but one maister, and I will serue no moe,
And if he anger me, I wil forsake him so.

Reason.

She shal not hurt the vnlesse her cause be suster.

VVill.

By the fayth of my bodye sir, I intend not to truste her.

Reason.

Whye.

VVill,

Take me this woman that talkes so roundly,
That be so wyse, that reason so soundly:
That loke so narrow, that speake so shrylle:
Their wordes are not so curst, but their déedes are as ill.

Reason.

It is but thy fansy, I sée no such thing in her.

VVill.

Perhappes you had neuer occasion to try her.

Reason.

That were great maruayle in so many yeares.

VVill.

She hath wonne the mastery of you it appeares.

VVitte.

Well quiet your selfe thou shalt take no wronge,
We thinke oure thrée companions tary very longe.

Act 3 sena 3.

Instruction, Studie, Diligence, Reason, VVitte, VVill.

Instruction.

Sir we are come to know your pleasure.

Reason.

You are come in good tyme, Instruction our treasure,
This Gentilman craueth your acquaintaunce e ayde.
What you may do for him let him not be dehayde,

VVitte.

Welcome good fellowes, wyll ye dwell wyth me.

Diligence.

If all partes be pleased, content are we.

VVitte.

Wellcome Instruction wyth al my hart.

VVill.

What thrée newe seruaunts, then farewell my part.

Instruction.

I hartely thanke you, and loke what I can doe,
It shalbe alwayes redye to pleasure you.

Reason.

Consider and talke together with these,
And you shall fynd in your trauayle great ea.
Take here of me before I take my leaue,
This glasse of Chrystal cleare which I you geaue
Accept it and reserue it for my sake most sure,
Much good to you in time it may procure.
Behold your selfe therin, and view and prye,
Marke what defectes it will discouer and discrye,
And so wyth iudgement rype, and curiouse eye,
What is a mysse indeuor to supplye,
Farewell.

VVitte.

Farewell to you, right honourable syr:
And commend me to my loue my hartes desyre,
Let her thinke on me when she sees me not and wyshe me wel.

VVill.

Farewel mayster Reason, thincke vpon vs, when you se vs not
And in any wyse, let not Wyll be forgot.

VVitte.

Synce I must take aduise and counsell of you thre,
I must entreat you all, to dwell in house wyth me,
And loke what order you shall prescribe as nedefull,
To kepe the same you shall fynd me as heedefull:
Come,

Instruction.

Come,

VVill.

Goe.

Act 4. scena 1.

VVitte, VVill, Instruction, Studie, Diligence.

VVill.

Tushe tushe Instruction, your talke is of no force,
You tell vs a tale of a rosted horse,
Whych by hys woundes except we set to it,
As fast as we make, this fellowes wyll vndo it,
Their talke is nothing but soft and fayre and tary,
If you folow their counsell you shall neuer mary.

In-

Instruction.

To followe our counsayle youre charge and promys was,

VVitte

I would I had neuer knowen you by the masse.
Muste I looke so longe and spend my lyfe wyth toyle
Naye sure, I will eyther wynne it, or take the foyle.

Studye.

The surer is your grounde, the better you shall beare it.

VVill.

Ground vs no ground, let him winne it and weare it.

Instruction.

Good sir be ruled and leaue this peuish elfe.

VVitte.

I had euen as leafe ye bad me hange my selfe,
Leaue him: no no I would you all knewe,
You be but loyterers to him, my Will telles me true,
I could be cõtent with a weke, yea a month or twaine,
But 3. or 4. yeares, mary that were a payne,
So longe to kepe me, and lye like a hogge.

VVill.

A like wythall my hart I would not wyshe a dogge.

VVitte.

Wyll a weke serue.

Studie. Noo.

VVitte

A monthe.

Studie.

Neyther.

VVitte.

Noo.

Studie.

Not so.

Instruction.

No nor so many moe.

VVitte.

Then farewell all for as I hope to thriue,
I wyll proue him or I slepe, if I be aliue,
And if ye be mine and good fellowes all thre,
Goe thyther, out of hand and take your chaunce wyth me.

Instruction.

For my part, I know I can do you no good.

Will.

You are a proper man of your handes by the Rode,
Yet welfare hym that neuer his maister forsaketh.

Witte.

What sayst thou Studie.

Studie.

My head aketh.

Witte.

Out vpon the coward: speake Diligence,
Agaynst Instructions mynd, I am lothe to go hence,
Yet I will make one, rather then you should lacke.

Witte.

Perhappes we may fynd them at this time in bedde.

Will.

So much the rather loke you to be sped,
Care for no more, but once to come within her,
And when you haue done: then let another win her.

Witte.

To come within her child, what meanst thou by that.

Will.

One masse for a penye, you know what is what.

Witte.

Hard you euer such a counsell of such a Jacke sprot.

Will.

Why sir do ye thinke to doe any good,
If ye stande in a corner like Roben hood,
Nay you must stoute it, and face it out with the best.
Set on a good countenaūce, make the most of the lest,
Who soeuer skippe in, loke to your part,
And whyle you liue beware of a false hart.

Witte.

Both blame and shame, rashe boldnes doth breede.

Will.

You must aduenture both, spare to speake, spare to speede,
What tell you me of shame, it is shame to steale a horse.

Witte.

More hast then good speede, makes many fars the worse.

Will.

VVill.

But he that takes not such time while he maye,
Shal leape at a whyting when time is a waye.

VVitte.

But he that leapes before he loke, good sonne,
Maye leape in the myre, and mysse when he hath done.

Science.

Me thinke I heare the voyce of Will, VVittes boye.

VVitte.

I see her come, her sorow and my Joye,
My salue, and yet my sore, my comfort, and my care,
The causer of my wound, and yet the wil of my welfare:
O happye wight, that haue the saynte of your request,
O hopes hope that holdeth me frō ỹ which likes me best,
Twixte hope and feare I stande, to marre or els to make,
This day to be relieued quit, or els my death woūd to take.

Reason.

Here let vs rest a whyle and pause all thrée:

Experience.

Daughter sit downe, belike this same is hée.

VVill.

Be of good chere sir be ruled by me
Women are best pleased, tyll they be vsed homely,
Loke her in the face and tell your tale stoutely.

VVitte.

O pearle of passing prise, sent downe from god on hye,
The sweetest beauty to entise that hath bene sene with eye,
The wel of wealth to all, that no man doth annoye:
The kaye of Kingedomes & the seale of euerlasting ioye.
The treasure and the store, whom al good things began,
The nurse of Lady wysedoms lore, the lincke of mā & mā.
What wordes shal me suffice, to vtter my desyre,
What heate of talke shal I deuise, for to expresse my fyer
I burne and yet I frése, I flame and roste as fast,
In hope to wyn and for to lése my pensiuenes doth last,
Why should my dulled spryte, apal my courage so.
O salue my sore, or slée me quite, by saying yea, or no,
You are the marke at whome, I shot to hit or misse,
My life it stayes on you alone, to you my sute it is,

Amate

Amitie not much vnmete wyth you some grieke to kynde,
Dame Natures sonne, my name is Witte ỹ kancieth you by kind,
And here I come this day, to wayte and to attende
In hope to haue my hoped pray, or elles my life to ende.

Science.

Good cause there is wherfore I should embrase,
This louing hart whyche you haue borne to me
And glad I am that we be both in place,
Ech one of vs eche others lookes to sée,
Your picture and your person doth agree,
Your princelike port and ecke your noble face,
Wherin so many sygnes of vertue be:
That I must nédes be moued in your case:

Reason.

Friend Witte: are you the man in dede whych you intēd,
Can you be well content vntill your life doth ende,
To ioyne and knit most sure with this my daughter here,
And vnto her alone your fixed fayth to beare.

VVitte.

As I am bente to this so let my suite be sped,
If I do fayle ten Thousãde plagues & more, lighte on my

Experience. head.

There are that promise fayre, and meane as well,
As any heare can thinke, or tongue can tell,
Which at the first are hot, and kindle in desyre,
But in one month or twayne, quit quenched is the fyre.
Such is the trade of youth whome famies force doth lede,
Whose loue is only at the plonge & cannot longe procede.

VVitte.

Credit my wordes, and ye shall find me true.

Experience.

Suppose you kepe not touch, who shuld this bargaine rue.

VVitte.

I will be sworne here solemnly before you both.

Experience.

Who breaketh promise, wil not sticke likewyse to breake

VVitte. his othe.

I wyll be bound in all that euer I can make.

Expe.

Experience.

What good were that to vs if we thadnantage take.

VVitte.

Wyll neyther pzomyse serue: noz othe noz bandes,
What other assuraunce wyll ye aske at my handes.

VVill.

My maister is a gentilman. I tell you and his wozd,
I would you knewe it shall with his deedes accozd.

Reason.

We know not whom to truste, the wozld is so ill.

VVill.

In dede sir as you say you may mend when ye wyll,
But in good earnest Madam, speake of oz on,
Shal we speede at your hand, oz shall we begone,
I loue not this delayes, say so if we shall haue you,
If not, say no, and let another craue you.

VVitte.

Softe and fayze sir boye, you talke you wot not what?

VVill.

Can you abyde to be dzyuen of wyth this and that,
Can they aske any moze then good assuraunce at your hands.

Experience.

All is now to little sonne, as the matter standes,

VVill.

If al be to litle both goodes and landes,
I know not what will please you, except Darbyes bandes
I haue an enemy, my frend Witte a moztal fo to me,
And therwithall the greatest plague that can befall to the.

VVitte.

Must I fyght wyth him,

Reason.

Can you fyght if néede be.

VVill.

If any such thing fall, count the charge to me,
Trouble not your selfe.

VVitte.

Hould thy peace elfe.

Science.

Here out my tale, I haue a moztall foe:

That lurketh in the woode, hearby as you come and goe,
This monstrous Giant, beares a grudge to me and mine,
And wyll attempt to kepe thee backe, from this desier of thine.
The bane of youth, the rote of ruine and destres:
Deuouring those that sue to me, his name is Tediousnes.
No soner he espyes, the noble Witte beginne:
To styr and payne it selfe the loue of me to winne.
But forth he steppes and with strong hands by might and maine:
He beates and buffettes downe, the force and liuelynes of braine.
That done in deepe dispayre, he drownes him villanously,
Ten thousand suters in a yere, are cast away therby.
Now if your mind be surelye stred soe,
That for no toyle nor cost, my loue you will forgoe.
Bethinke you well, and of this monster take good hede,
Then may you haue with mee, the greater hope to speede.
Herein vse good aduise, to make you strong and stout,
To send and kepe him of a whyle, vntill his rage be out.
Then when you feele your selfe, well able to preuayle:
Byd you the battell, and that so corragiously assayle.
If you can wyn the field, present me wyth his head,
I aske no more and I forthwith, shall be your owne to bedde.

VVitte.

If might I thriue, and lacke that likes me best,
If I be not a scourge to him, that bredes your vnrest.
Madam assure your selfe, he lyues not in the land.
Wyth whom I would not in your cause, entounter hand to hand.
And as for Tediousnes that wretch, your common foe.
Let mee alone, we twayne shall rope before I sleape I troe.

VVill.

Lustely spoken, let me claw thee by the backe:
Howe say you now sir, here are three against twayne,

Studye.

Go that go list, I will at home remayne,
I haue more neede to take a nappe in my bedde.

VVill,

Do soe and here you couche a coddes head.

Instruction.

Well since it wyl none otherwyse frame.
Let vs twayne Studie, & retourn from whens we came.

Studie,
Agréed. Exit.
VVitte.

And let vs thrée hestyze our selues like men.
Unlikely thinges are brought to passe, by courage now and then.
My will be alwayes prest, and ready at an pnche.
To saue thy selfe to succouz me, to helpe at euery pinche.
Both twayne on eyther syde, assaulte him if ye can,
And you shal sée me in the middes, howe I wil play the man,
Thys is the deadly denne, as farre as I perceaue,
Approche we neere and valiantly let vs the vnset geue.
Come forth thou monster fell, in drowsy darkenes hyde,
For here is vvitte Dame Natures sonne, ý doth thee battaile bid.

Act 4. sena 2.

Tediousnes, VVitte, VVill, Diligence.

Tediousnes.

What pryncor haue we heere, that dares me to assayle,
Alas poore boy, and wineſt thou, against me to preuaile.
Full smal was he thy frend, whoeuer sent the hyther,
For I must driue the backe with shame, or slay thee altogether.

VVitte.

Great bost small rost, I warrant thee do thy best,
Thy head must serue my tourne, this day to set my hart at rest.

VVill.

And I must haue a legge of the if I can catche it.

Tediousnes. Fight, strike at vvill.

First I must quise this brayne of thine, if I can reach it.

VVitte.

Well shifted VVill, now haue at thee sir knaue.

Tediousnes.

These friscoles shal not serue your tourne for al your hauntes so (brave.
Hoh hoh, did I not tell thee thou camst to thy payne.

Diligence.

Helpe, helpe, helpe, our maister is slaine.

VVill.

Helpe, helpe, helpe &c.

Tediousnes.

Where are these lustre bloods, that make their matche with mee?
Here lyes a pattorne for them all, to loke at and to sée.

To teach them to conspire against my force and might,
To promise for their womans loue, to vanquishe me in fight:
Nowe let them goe and crake, howe wiselye they haue sped,
Such is the end of those, that seke this curious Dame to wed.
Hoh hoh hoh. Act 4. scena 3.

VVill. Recreation, VVitte.

VVill. Rub and chake him.
For goddes loue hast, see loe where he doth lye.

Recreation.

He is not cold, I warrant him, I.

Singe.

Giue a legge, geue an arme, aryse, aryse,
Hould vp thy head, lift vs thy eyes,
1 A legge to stand vp right,
2 An arme to fyght a mayne,
1 The head to hould thy braynes in plight,
2 The eyes to loke agayne.
Awake ye drowned powers.
Ye spirites for dull wyth toyle:
Resyne to me this care of yours,
And from dead sleape recoyle.
Thinke not vpon your lothsome lucke,
But arise and daunce with vs a plucke.

Both sing giue a legge, as is before.

2 What thoughe thou hast not hit,
The toppe of thy desyre,
Tyme is not soo farre spente as yit
To cause the to retyre,
Arise and ease thy self of payne,
And make thee stronge to fight agayne,

Singe bothe.

Let not thy foes reloyse,
Let not thy frendes lament,
Let not thy Ladies rufull voice,
In sobbes and sighes be spent,
Thy fayth is plight forget it not,
Twixt her and the to knit the knot.

Singe.

Gyue a legge &c.

This is no deadly wounde,
It may be cured well.
Se here what Phisicke we haue found,
Thy sorowes to expell.

¶ VVitte lyfting himselfe vp, sitting on the grounde

The way is plaine, the marcke is fayre,
Lodge not thy selfe in deepe despaire.

VVill.

What noise is this that ringeth in my eares,
Her noyse that greueth my myshap with teares,
Ah my mishap my desperate mishap,
In whom ill fortune poureth downe, all mishap at a clappe,
What shall become of me, where shal I hyde my head:
Oh what a death is it to liue for him that would be dead:
But since it chanceth so, what euer wyght thou be,
That tyndeth me here, in heauy plight, goe tel her this from mée.
Causles I perishe here, and cause to curse I haue.
The time that erst I lyued to loue, and now must die her slaue,
The matche was ouer much for me, she vnderstode,
Alas why hath she this delite, to lap in giltles blode.
How did I giue her cause to shewe me this despyght,
To matche me wher she wist full wel, I should be slaine in fight.
But go and tell her playne, although to late for me,
Accursed be the time and howre, which first I did her sée.
Accursed be the wyght, that wilde me first thereto,
And cursed be they all at once, that had therwith to doe.
Nowe get the hence in hast, and suffer me to die.
Whom scornfull chaunce & laiwles loue, haue slaine most frayte.

Recreation. (rouslye

O noble Witte the miracle of God, and eke of Nature:
Why cursest thou thy selfe, and euery other creature.
What causeth the thine innocent deare Lady to accuse:
Who would lament it more then she, to here this wofull newes.
Why wylt thou dye, wheras thou mayst be sure of healthy:
Wheras thou sæth a playne path waye, to worshyp and to wealth.
Not euery foyle doth make a fal, nor euery foyle doth slaye,
Comfort thy selfe be sure thy lucke, wyll mend from day to daye.

VVill..

This gentil newes of good Will, are come to make you sound,

They know which way to salue your sore, and how to cure your
God sir be ruled by her then, and pluck your spirite to you: (woūd
There is no doubt, but you shall find, your louing lady true.

VVitte.

Ah Wyll art thou alyue, that doth my hart some ease,
The sight of the swete boy, my sorowes doth appeace:
How hast thou scapte, what fortune the befell:

VVill.

It was no trusting to my handes, my hēles did serue me wel
I ran wyth open mouth, to crye for helpe amayne,
And as god fortune would, I hit vpon these twayne.

VVitte.

I thanke both thee and them, what wyll ye haue me do.

Recreation.

To ryse and daunce a litle space with vs two:

VVitte.

What then.

Recreation.

That done, repayre agayne to Studie and Instruction,
Take better hould by their aduise, your foe to set vpon.

VVitte.

Can any recompence recouer this my fall:

Recreacion

My life to yours it may be mended all.

VVitte.

Speake Wyll.

VVill.

I haue no doubt sir it shalbe as you would wishe.

VVitte.

But yet this repulse of myne, they wyll lay in my dishe.

Recreation.

No man shall let them know therof, vnlesse your selfe do it.

VVitte.

On that condicion a gods name, fall we to it.

VVill.

Naye stande we to it, and let vs fall no more.

VVitte.

Will daunsing serue, and I will daunce vntil my bones be sore,
Pype vs vp a Gallard mynstrel, to begynne.

Will

Let vvill call for daunces, one after an other.

VVill.

Come Damſell in good fayth, and let me haue you in,
Let him practiſe in daunſing al things to make himſelfe brethles.

Recreation.

Enough at once, now læue, and let vs part.

VVitte.

This exercíſe hath done me good, euen to the very hart.
Let vs be bould with you, more acquaintaunce to take
And daunce a round, yet once more for my ſake,
Enouge is enoughe, farewel, and at your néede:
Vſe my acquaintaunce if it may ſtande you in ſtéede.
Right worthy Damſels both, I knowe you ſeke no gaynes,
In recompence of this deſert your vndeſerued paynes.
But loke what other thinge my ſeruice maye deuiſe,
To ſhewe my thankefull harte in any enterpriſe.
Be ye as bolde therwyth, as I am bold on you,
And thus wyth hartye thankes, I take my leaue as nowe.

Recreation.

Farewell frend Witte, and ſince you are relieued,
Thynke not vpon your foyle, whereat you were ſo grieued.
But take your hart to you, and giue attempte once more:
I warrant you to ſpéede, much better then before.

Act 4. ſcena 4.

VVitte, VVill, Idlenes, Ignoraunce.

VVitte.

One daunce for the and mee, my boye come on.

VVill.

Daunce you ſir if you pleaſe, and I wil loke vpon.

VVitte.

This geare doth make me ſweate, and breath a pace.

Idlenes.

Sir eaſe your ſelfe a whyle, heare is a reſtinge place.

VVitte.

Home Will and make my bedde, for I will take a nappe.

Ignoraunce.

Sure and it pleaſe youre maſterſhip here in my Dames lap.

Idlenes

Idlenes syngeth.

Come come lye doune and thou shalte see,
Non lyke to mee to entertayne,
Thye bones and thee oppzesse wyth payne,
Come come and ease thee in my lappe,
And yf it pleace thee take a nappe,
A nappe that shall delight thee soo,
That fancies all wyll thee forgoe,
Bye musinge styll what canst thou fynde,
But wantes of wyll and restles mynde,
A mynde that marres and mangles all,
And breadeth sarres to worke thy falle,
Come gentle Witte I thee requyre,
And thou shalt hytt thy chiefe desyre,
Thy chiefe desire thy hooped prayer,
Fyrste ease thee here and then away,

VVitte. (Falle doune in to her lapp.)

My bones are styff and I am wearyed sore,
And still me thynck I faynte and feble moore and moore,
Wake mee agayne in tyme for I haue thinges to doe,
And as you wyll mee for myne ease, I doe assent thereto,

Idlenes. (Lul hym.)

Welcome wyth all my harte: Syr boye houlde here thys fan,
And softly coole his face slepe sowndly gentleman,
Thys chayer is chared well now ignorannce my sonne,
Thou seest all this howe fittlye it is done,
But wottste thou whye:

Ignoraunce.

Nay bumfaye mother not I,
Well I wotte tis agaye whorchit tricke and tryme,
Thoulde reiounce my harte to chaunce cootes with hym,

Idlenes.

Dooste thou remember how many I haue serued in the like sorte,

Ignoraunce.

It doth my hart good to thyncke on this sporte

Idlenes.

Wylte thou see thys proper fellowe serued soe,

Ignoraunce

Thoulde geue twaye pence to see it and tway pence moore,

Idlenes

Idlenes.

Come of then, let me ſée thee in thy doublet and thy hoſe.

Ignoraunce.

You ſhall ſée a taule felow mother, I ſuppoſe,

Idlenes.

Helpe of with this ſleue ſoftly, for feare of waking,
Wee ſhal leaue the gentilman, in a prętie takinge.
Giue me thy Cote, hold this in thy hand:
This fellowe would be marted to Science I vnderſtād.
But or we leaue him, tell me an other tale:
Now let vs make him loke, ſome what ſtale.
There laye and there bée, the prouerbe is verified,
I am neither idle, nor yet wel occupied.

Ignoraunce.

Mother muſt I haue his Cote, now mother muſt:
Chal be a liuely lad, with hey tiſtye toſty.

Idlenes.

Sleape ſound and haue no care, to occupie thy head,
As neare vnto thy body now, as if thou hadſt ben dead.
For Idelnes hath wonne, and wholly the poſſeſt,
And vtterly diſhabled thee, from hauing thy requeſt.
Come on with me my ſonne let vs goe coutche againe,
And let this luſty ruffling Witte, here like a fole remayne.

Act. 5 ſena 1.

VVitte, Science, Reaſon.

VVitte.

Vp and to goe, why ſleape I here ſo ſound:
How fals it out that I am left vpon the naked ground.
God graunt that all be well, whyleſt I lye dreaming here:
Me thinckes all is not as it was, nor as I would it were,
And yet I wot not why, but ſo my fancies giues mee:
That ſome one thinge or other, is my tryer that grenes mée.
That are but fancies let them goe, to Science now wyll I,
My ſute and buſines yet once againe, to labor and aplye.

Science.

What is become trow yée, of Witte, our ſpouſe that would be:

Reaſon.

Daughter I feare all is not, as it ſhould ſée.

VVitte.

Yes yes haue ye no doubt, all is and shalbe well:

Reason.

What one art thou: therof howe canst thou tell.

VVitte.

Reason most noble sir, and you my Lady deare:
How haue you done in all this time, since first I sawe you here:

Science.

The fole is mad I wene, stand backe and touch me not.

VVitte.

You speake not as you thinke, or haue you me forgot,

Science.

I neuer saw thee in my life, vntil this time I wotte,
Thou art some mad brayne, or some fole, or some disguised Scot.

VVitte.

Gods fishe hostes and knowe you not mee.

Science.

I had bene well at ease in deede, to be acquainted wyth thee.

VVitte,

Hope halidaye, mary this is prety cheere,
I haue lost my selfe, I can not tell where
An olde sayd sawe it is, and to true I finde,
Some hot, some cold, out of sight, out of mind.
What maddam, what meaneth this sodaine change,
What meanes this scornefull loke, this countenãce so straunge.
It is your fashion so to vse, your louers at the furst:
Or haue all women this delite, to scould and to be curst.

Reason.

Good felow whence art thou, what is thy name:

VVitte.

I wene ye are disposed to make at me some game.
I am the sonne of Lady Nature, my name is Witte.

Reason.

Thou shalt say soe longe enough, or we beleue it.

Science.

Thou Witte: way thou art some madde brayne out of thy wit.

VVitte.

Unto your selues, this trfall I remit.
Loke on me better, and marke my personne well,

Science.

Science.

Thy loke is like to one, that came out of hell:

Reason.

If thou be Witte, let see, what tokens thou canst tell.
How comst thou first acquainted here: what sayd wee:
How did we like thy sute, what intertaynment made wee:

VVitte. What tokens:

Science.

Yea what tokens: speake and let vs know:

VVitte.

Tokens good store I can reherse a rowe.
First as I was aduised, by my mother Nature:
My lackey Will, presented you with my picture.

Science.

Stay there: no w loke how these two faces agree:

VVitte.

This is the very same that you receyued from mee.

Science.

From thee: why loke, they are no more like:
Then chalke to cheese, then blacke to white.

Reason.

To put thee out of doubt, if thou thinke we saye not true,
It weare good for thee, in a glasse thy face to viewe.

VVitte.

Well remembred, and a glasse I haue in deede,
Whych glasse you gaue me, to vse at neede.

Reason.

Hast thou the glasse, which I to Witte did gyue.

VVitte.

I haue it in my purse, and will kepe it while I lyue.

Reason

These markes me muse, howe should he come therby:

VVitte.

Sir muse no more for it is euen I.
To whome you gaue the glasse, and here it is.

Reason.

Wee are content thou trye thy case by this.

VVitte.

Eyther my glasse is wonderfully spotted,

Or els my face is wonderfully blotted.
This is not my Cote, why wher had I this weede,
By the Masse I loke like a very fole in deede.
O heapes of happes, O rufull chaunce to me,
O Idlenes woo worth the time, that I was ruled by thee.
Why did I lay my head, within thy lappe to rest:
Why was I not aduised by her, that wisht and wil me best.
O ten times troble blessed wights, whose corpes in graue do lye:
That are not driuen to behould, these wretched cares which die.
On me your furies all on me, haue poured out your spite,
Come nowe and slay me at the last, and ridde my sorowes quite.
What coast shall me receyue, wher shal I shew my head:
The world wyll saye this same is hee, that if he list had sped.
This same is he that toke, an enterpryse in hand,
This same is hee that scarce one blow, his ennemy did withstand.
This same is he that fought, and fell in open field:
This same is he that in the songe, of Idlenes did yelde.
This same is he that was in way, to winne the game:
To ioyne himselfe wherby he should haue won immortal fame.
And now is wrapt in woe, and buried in dispayre,
O happye case for the if death would rid the quite of care.

Act. 5 sena. 2.

Shame, Reason, Science, VVitte.

Reason.

Shame.

Shame.

Who calls for shame:

Reason.

Here is a marchant Shame, for thee to tame.

Shame.

A shame come to you all, for I am almost lame,
Wyth trudging vp and downe, to them that lose their game.

Reason.

And here is one whom thou must rightly blame,
That hath preferde his folly to his fame.

Shame.

Who: this good fellowe, what call you his name:

Reason.

Witte: that on woing, to Lady Science came.

Shame.

Shame.

Come aloft child let me see, what friscoles you can set,

Reason.

Ye hath deserued it, let him be well bet.

VVitte.

O spare mee wyth the whippe and sley mée with thy knife:
Ten thousand times moze deare to mée, were pzesent death then (lyke

Shame.

Naye naye my frend, thou shalt not die as yet.

Reason.

Remember in what case, Dame Nature left thee Witte,
And how thou hast abused the same.
Thou hast deceaued all our hope as all the wozld may sée.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

Reason.

Remember what fayze wozds, and pzomises thou diddest make,
That foz my daughters loue, no paynes thou wouldest forsake.
Remember in what sozte, we had a care of the:
Thou hast deceyued all our hope, as all the wozld may see.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

Reason.

Remember how Instruction, should haue bene followed styll,
And howe thou wouldest be ruled, by none but by Wyll.
How Idelnes hath crept, and raigneth in thy bzeast,
How Ignozaunce her sonne, hath wholly thee possest.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

VVitte.

O wofull wzetch to whom shall I complaine,
What salue may serue to salue my soze, oz to redzesse my payne.
Naye I can tell the moze: remember howe,
Thou was subdued of Tediousnes right nowe.
Remember with what crakes thou went vnto hys denne,
Against the good aduise, and Counsell of thy men,
What Recreacion did foz the, in these thy rufull happes,
And howe the second tyme, thou fell into the lappe.

Shame.

A shame come to thee.

VVitte.

O let me breath a whyle, and hold thy heauy hand,
My greuouse faultes with shame enoughe I vnderstande.
Take ruthe and pitie on my playnt, or els I am forlorne,
Let not the world continue thus, in laughing mee to scorne.
Madame if I be hee, to whom you once were bente,
With whom to spend your time, sometime you were content.
If any hope be left, if any recompence,
Be able to recouer this for passed negligence.
O helpe mee now poore wretche in this most heauy plight,
And furnishe me yet once agayne, wyth Tediousnes to fyght.

Science.

Father be good to these yonge tender yeares,
See howe he doth bewayle his folly past with teares,

Reason.

Would slaue take thou his Cote for thy labor,
We are content at her request, to take you to our fauor.
Come in and dwell with vs, til time shall serue:
And from Instruction rule, loke that thou neuer swerue
Wythin we shall prouide, to set you vp once more,
This scourge hath taught you, what defaulte was in you hereto-
(fore

Act 5 sena 3.

VVill.

Once in my life I haue, an od haulfe howre to spare:
To ease my selfe of all, my trauaile and my care.
I stoode not still so longe this xx. dayes I weene,
But euer more sent forth on messages I haue bene.
Such trudging and such toyle, by the masse was neuer seene,
My body is worne out, and spent with labor cleane.
And this it is that makes me loke so leane.
That lettes my groth, and makes me seene a squall,
What then althoughe my stature be not tall.
Yet I am as proper as you, so neate and clenlye,
And haue my toyntes at commaundement full of acteuitie,
What should a seruaunt do, wyth all this flesshe and bones,
That makes them runne with leaden heeles, & stur them self like
Giue me a proper squier much after my pitche (stones

And

And marke howe he from place, to place will ſquittche.
Fayze oz foule, thicke oz thinne, mire oz duſty,
Clouds oz rayne, light oz darke, cleare oz myſtie.
Ride oz runne, to oz froe, badde oz good,
A neate litle fellowe, on his buſynes wyll ſcud.
Theſe great labozes are neyther actiue noz wyſe,
That fæde till they ſlepe, and ſleape out their eyes.
So heauy, ſo dul, ſo vntoward in their doinge,
That it is a good ſight, to ſee them leaue wozking.
But all this while, while I ſtand pzating here,
I ſæ not my mayſter, I left hym ſnozting here.

Act 5. ſena 4.

Science, VVitte, VVill, Inſtruction Studie Diligence Tediouſnes.

Science.

Myne one deare Witte, the hope of mine anaile,
My care, my comfozt, my treaſure and my truſt,
Take hart of grace, our ennemye to aſſaile,
Lay vp theſe thynges, whych you haue hard diſcuſt.
So doinge, vndoubtingly you can not fayle.
To winne the fyeld to ſcape. all theſe vnhappy ſhewers,
To glad your frendes, to cauſe your foes to wayle,
To matche wyth vs, and then the gayne is youres.
Here in this Cloſet our ſelfe, wil ſette and ſæ,
Your manly feates, and your ſucceſſe in fyght:
Strike home couragiouſly, foz you and mæ,
Learne wher and howe to fende, and howe to ſmite:
In any wyſe, be ruled by theſe thzæ,
They ſhall direct both you, and Wyll aryght.
Farewell and let our louing counſell bee
At euery hande befoze you in your fyght,

VVitte.

Here in my ſight good Maddam ſitte and viewe:
That when I liſt, I may loke vppe on you.
This face this noble face, this liuely hiew,
Shal harden mee, ſhal make our enemye rue.
O faythful mates, that haue this care of mee:
How ſhal I euer recompence, your paynes wyth gold oz fæ.
Come now and as you pleaſe, enioyne me how to doe it,
And you ſhall ſee me pzeſt, and ſeruiſable to it.

Will

VVill

Why mayſter whyther way, what haſt am I no body?

Inſtruction.

What Will, we maye not myſſe thee, for no money.

VVitte.

Welcome good Wyll, and doe as thou art bydde,
Thi ſdaye or neuer, muſt Tediouſnes be ridde.

VVill.

God ſpede vs well, I will make one at all aſſayes:

Inſtruction.

Thou ſhalt watche to take him at certayne bayes,
Come not in the thronge, but ſaue thy ſelfe alwayes.
You twayne on eyther ſyde, firſt wyth your ſword and buckler.
After the firſt conflict, fight wyth your ſworde and daggers,
You ſir with a Jaueling and your Targett in your hand,
See how ye can, his deadly ſtrokes wythſtand.
Kepe at the foyne, come not wythin his reache,
Untyll you ſee, what good aduauntage you may ketche.
Then hardly leaue him not, tyll time you ſtrike him dead,
And of all other partes, eſpecially ſaue your head.

VVitte.

Is this all, for I would fayne haue done?

VVill.

I would we weare at it, I care not how ſone.

Inſtruction.

Now when ye pleaſe, I haue no more to tell,
But hartely to praye for you, and wyſhe you well.

VVitte.

I thancke you, goe thou and bidde the battayle Wyll.

VVill.

Come out thou monſter fell, that haſt deſire to ſpill,
The knot and linked loue, of Science and of Witte,
Come trie the quarel in the feeld, and fyght with vs a litte.

Act. 5 ſcena. 5.

Tediouſnes, VVitte, VVill, Inſtruction, Studie, Diligence.

Tediouſnes.

A doughtie durte theſe tiltyard boyes will doe,
I will eate them by mouſels two and two.

Thou

Thou fyghteſte for a wyfe a rod a rodde,
Had I wiſt this, I would haue layed on loade,
And beate thy brayne and thys my cloobe together,
And made thee ſafe inoughe for retourninge hyther,

VVill.

A foule horeſone what a ſturdie thike it is?
But we wyll pelt thee knaue vntill for woe thou piſſe,

Tediouſnes.

Let me come to that elfe.

VVitte.

Nay nay thou ſhalt haue worke inoughe to ſaue thy ſelfe,

Fight.

Inſtruction.

Take breath and chaunge your weapones playe the men,
Some what it was that made thee come agaen,
Thou ſtickeſt ſome what better to thy takling I ſee,
But what, no forte ye are but Jack ſprot to mee.

VVitte.

Haue houlde heare is a morſell for thee to eate,

Studie, Inſtruction.

Here is a pelt to make youre knaues hart freete,

Diligence.

There is a blowe able to fell a hogge,

VVitte.

And here is a ſoyne behynde for a madde dogge,

Let will trippe you downe.

Houlde houlde houlde the lubber is downe,

Tediouſnes.

Oh

VVill.

Stryke of his hed whyle I houde hym by the crowne,

VVitte.

Thou monſtrous wretch, thou mortall foe to me and myne,
Which euermore at my good lucke and fortune dideſt repyne,
Take here thy iuſte deſert and payment for thy hire.
Thy hed this day ſhall mee prefer vnto my hartes deſyre,

Inſtruction.

O noble Witte, the prayſe, the game is thine,

Studie.

Houe vp his head vpon your speare, see here a ioyfull signe.

Diligence.

O valiant Knights, O conquest full of prayes.

VVill.

O blest of god to see these happie dayes.

VVitte.

You you, my faithfull Squiers deserues no lesse,
Whose tried trust, well knowen to mee in my distres.
And certain hope of your first fayth, and faste good will,
Made me attempt this famouse fact most needfull to fulfill,
To you I yeald great thancks, to me redownds the gaine.
Now home a pace, and ringe it out, that Tediousnes is slayne.
Say all at once, Tediousnes is slaine.

Act. 5 sena. 6.

Science, VVitte.

Science.

I heare and see the ioyfull newes, wherin I take delight,
That Tediousnes our mortall foe, is ouertome in fight.
I see the signe of victorye, the signe of manlines:
The heape of happy happes: the ioy ỳ tongue cannot expresse.
O welcome fame from day to day for euer shal arise.

VVitte.

Auaunt ye griping cares, and lodge no more in mee,
For you haue lost, and I haue wonne continuall ioyes and see.
Nowe let me frely touche, and frely you embrace,
And let my frendes with open mouth proclaime my blisfull case.

Science.

The world shall know doubt not, and shal blow out your fame,
Then true report shall send abrode, your euerlasting name.
Nowe let our parentes deere, be certifyed of this,
So that our mariage may forth with procede as meete it is.
Come after mee all fiue, and I will lead you in.

VVitte.

My payne is passe, my gladnes to beginne,
My taske is done, my hart is set at rest,

My

My foe ſubdued, my Ladyes loue poſſeſt.
I thancke my frends, whoſe helpe I haue at neede,
And thus you ſee, howe Witte and Science are agréed,
Wée twaine hence forth one ſoule, in bodyes twayne muſt dwel
Reioyſe I praye you all with mee, my frendes and fare ye well.

FINIS.